



The Sanguinist

A RELIGIOUS WEEKLY



Sacred Infant, so divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.

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The cry of a new-born babe broke the sacred silence of the midnight hour, and the course of history was changed. As the shepherds, and later the great Wise Men from the Orient bowed low their heads to enter the white-chalked cave of Bethlehem; so, today, the rich and would-be-wise, no less than the most common laborer must bow their heads in one glorious Act of Faith before the Mystery of the Incarnation....And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us...God became man, so man could become like unto God, participating through Grace in the Divine Nature itself.

Without Christ, without the beauteous vision of the Madonna and Child, there can be no Christmas. Take away the Mother and Child, and Christmas is robbed of its life and spirit; it becomes another holiday, a play-day for a godless world to drown its cares and troubles in a flood of tinsel and lights, and meaningless symbols.

With Christ, Christmas becomes the manifestation of God's unfailing kindness, the revelation of His eternal love, the culmination of all our hopes. It becomes the answer to all our prayers, the fulfillment of all our longings, and it is because of Christ that all creation can send up to the very heavens, the cry: "God has visited His people". Yes, a visitation whose import and meaning we cannot fully grasp for very joy as we listen with the shepherds to the angel: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord".

BUT CHRIST IS BORN AGAIN.....FATHER DANIEE LOR

Since that day almost twenty centuries ago a thousand petty tyrants have been born and have died. What are their names, and who cares?

For Christ is born again, and Christ never dies.

Since that first Christmas a score of world conquerors have strode their greedy way across the world and made men bleed and women die. What are their names? Youngsters in history classes learn them with distaste.

But Christ is come again, and Christ shall continue to come and shall reign forever.

In all the intervening years wars have been waged. Men have gone out to die -- if we could only remember why. Men have shouted brave battle cries -- it's centuries since those cries died on the winds. Lances gave way to arrows, arrows to muskets, muskets to bombs. And treaties have been signed in blood, --selaing, who knows what?

But each year the Prince of Peace is born for love of men.

Men have made fortunes. What were their names? How vast was their wealth? Men have written great books. What are the titles of those volumes? Whoever reads those books? Men have loved greatly. What are the names of the women? Where are they now?

But the wealth of heaven comes to earth of a Christmas night. The first page of the world's greatest Book is written again in shining light. And God loves men undyingly.

Man's history -- and God's. Forget man's silly story tonight. Think only of how dear is the God made Babe and how vast is the love that bridged infinitely from heaven to cave!

BERCEUSE DE NOEL

On this bright Christmas morn,
smiling to please us,
dimpling 'neath scars of thorn,
blessed Infant Jesus
glides down a route of gold
to regions lowly,
when crystal bells have tolled:
Sing Holy! Holy!
all through the feathered snow,
tinged fir-tree dim,
that fell with wings' soft glow
of Cherubim...
to welcome Him.

He comes to each dark place
swift as a dart,
barring not any race:
He seeks the heart.
And having found it pure,
though colours vary,
He makes its way secure
to Virgin Mary,
while stretching forth her arms,
her Babe she dandles...
auro-ed in starry swarms
like Christmas candles.

His Sacred Heart above
-- a ruby chalice --
pours down impassioned love
on hut and palace;
for He Who comes from far
is still no stranger
(though heralded by a Star
to crudest manger).

Amid this seraph-calm
where crystals freeze,
bestow on men Thy balm,
that wars may cease...
Sweet Prince of Peace. (By M. Fields)